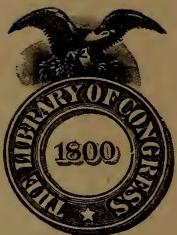


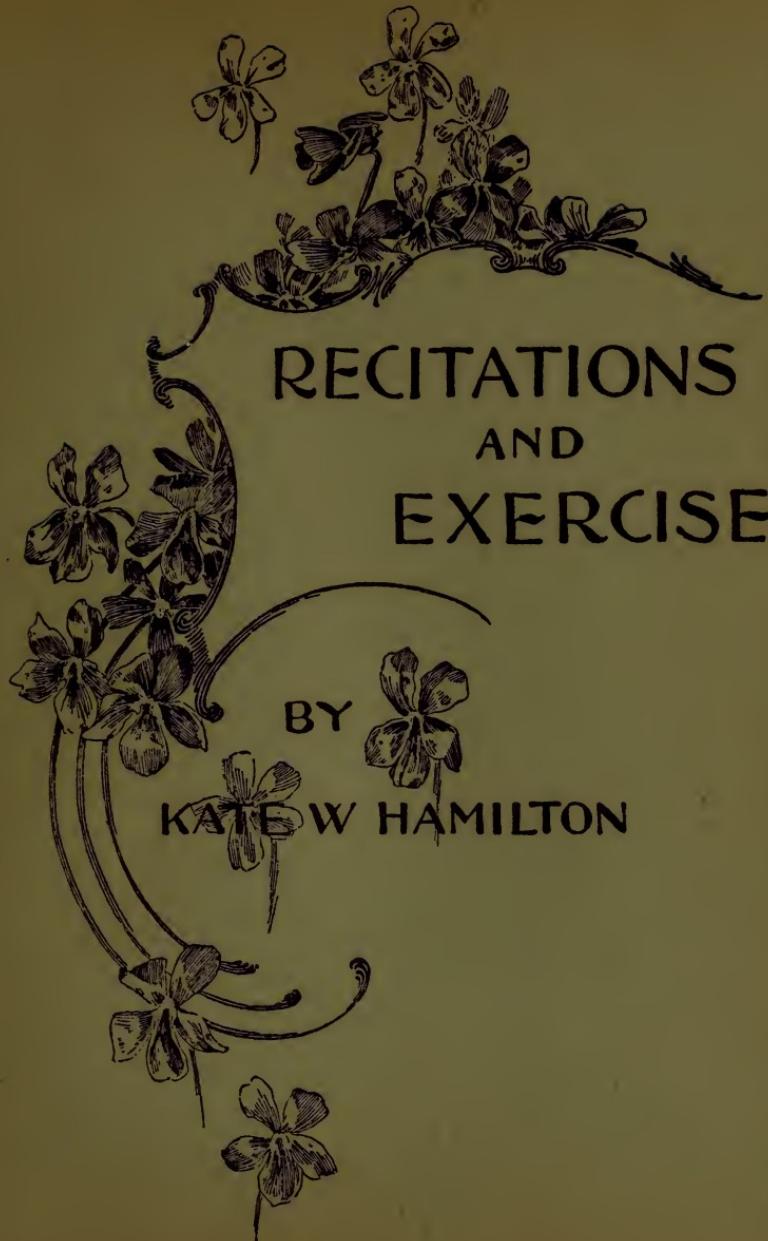
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# RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES

BY

KATE W HAMILTON











# RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES FOR CHILDREN'S DAY AND OTHER OCCASIONS

KATE W. HAMILTON



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## RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.

### WELCOME.

*(Recitation for a little boy.)*

**F**RIENDS, we welcome you here to-day.  
It is Children's Day, you see—  
The one day in the year  
When *we* welcome *you* here ;  
When children are the hosts,  
And grown folks are the guests,  
And our tongues have full liberty.

“ Children should be seen and not heard,”  
Is the word we often hear ;  
Not a proverb we like,  
Though it does seem to strike  
Older people as right ;  
But it takes its blest flight  
For at least this once in the year.

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

If children were unheard too long,  
Unthought of, too, they might be ;  
And our wonderful land  
Has so mighty a band  
Pressing on, that, ere long,  
Just these young hands and strong  
Will be holding its destiny.

So Children's Day comes to remind—  
Before neglect brings sorrow—  
There are lessons to teach,  
There are needy to reach,  
Ere the young lives have grown  
Past the reach of your own :  
We'll all be grown up to-morrow.



## THE CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING.

---

(*For Primary Class.*)

(*Let three or four of the older ones repeat the stanzas, and the class give the responses in concert.*)



FOR the birds that sing, and the flowers so sweet,  
For heaven above, and the earth at our feet,  
For breeze and for sunshine of each happy day,  
For all the rich blessings that brighten our way—

We thank thee, our Father in heaven.

For a mother's dear love and a father's care,  
For our home and our friends, and all that we share  
Of comfort and gladness that make our lives bright,  
For study and play, for the day and the night—

We thank thee, our Father in heaven.

For Jesus, who came to our earth long ago  
As a child like us, and who still loves us so—  
The Shepherd who lifts little lambs in his arms,  
And carries them safely through dangers and harms—

We thank thee, our Father in heaven.

On this happy day that to childhood belongs  
We come with fair blossoms, with prayers and with songs ;  
We lift up our faces, like flow'rs to the sun,  
And say from our hearts—“ For thy gifts every one

We thank thee, our Father in heaven.”

## FEED MY LAMBS.

---

*(For two little boys, from seven to nine years of age.)*

HERE are fifty-two Sundays in the year, and only one Children's Day. If the grown folks had only one day, and we had the other fifty-one, what do you s'pose we'd do?

*Second.*—O, learn a lot of long words, I s'pose, so they couldn't tell what we meant, and then hold conventions and things, and talk about how to keep the grown folks in Sunday-school.

*First.*—I went to a convention once with my mamma. There was a man there who talked and talked about "how to hold the attention of children."

*Second.*—Ho! I could tell him all about that in two minutes.

*First.*—That's what I wanted to do. The way to make children listen is to tell 'em something they want to hear. 'Course they're going to wriggle 'round if they aren't interested.

*Second.*—I guess big folks wriggle, too, when they have to hear something they don't care about—only they wriggle inside.

*First.*—Some of 'em don't. They wriggle clear out of the church door. They have to catch the street car, you know.

*Second.*—Well, I'm glad there's one Children's Day any way, for there are boys and girls all over the world everywhere, and I'm sure Jesus thought of them when he said, "Feed my lambs."

RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.

MERRY BIRDS.

(Song for the Primary Class.)

K. W. HAMILTON.  
*Lively.*

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Mer-ry birds are sing - ing, Childish voic- es ring - ing, Fill-ing with their mu-sic  
2. Je-sus is our Sav - iour, Lov-ing us for- ev - er, Flow'rs and birds and little

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is also in common time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Mer-ry birds are sing - ing, Childish voic- es ring - ing, Fill-ing with their mu-sic" and "Je-sus is our Sav - iour, Lov-ing us for- ev - er, Flow'rs and birds and little". The second section of lyrics is: "sweet this hap- py summer day. Lit- tle feet are thronging Ev- 'ry path this morning, ones they all to him be-long. He in low-ly man- ger, Lay, a ba- by stran- ger;". A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is placed above the word 'CHORUS'. The third section of lyrics is: "Bring-ing praise to him who taught the lit- tle ones to pray. } Ring, ring! sing, sing! He was once a lit-tle child, and loves the children's song." The fourth section of lyrics is: "So the church bells say. Ring, ring! sing, sing! This is Children's Day." The music concludes with a final section of lyrics: "Music from 'Stories in Song,' by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Co," followed by the page number '(9)'.

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

[This recitation of "Our Flag," with the three following ones—"A Boy in New Mexico," "The Boy in Northern Alaska," and "Children's Day on the Prairie"—may be linked together as a Missionary Exercise.]

## OUR FLAG.

---

(Among the decorations of the platform have an American flag, arranged so as to show the colors and so that it can easily be lifted from its place. Twelve or fifteen boys and girls, from ten to twelve years of age, come upon the stage, preceded by a boy who takes the flag from its place and holds it with its staff resting upon the floor, so that its stars and stripes show above the heads of the children who stand in front of it. The first five should each wear a scarf of dark blue with white stars, crossing the right shoulder and knotted under the left arm. The second division should wear a scarf of red, and the third of white. The recitations may be given by the whole division in concert or by only one voice, as preferred.)

(Blue.)



LUE is the field of the flag we love,  
Blue as the wonderful sky ;  
And its stars have come out one by one  
As the stars shine out on high.  
They tell of trials and conflicts past,  
And a country fair to see,  
Where God has crown'd all his other gifts  
With the gift of liberty.

(Red.)—Red are the stripes of the flag we love,  
As glow of the sky at dawn  
When the bright'ning east tells night is o'er,  
And brings us the happy morn.  
Red as the blood by her brave sons shed  
To make our whole country free ;  
And the stripes that flutter in our flag  
Tell the price of liberty.

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

(*White.*)—But ever between the crimson lines  
Run the bands of spotless white  
That tell of the restful years of peace,  
As our flag floats in the light.  
White is the Blessed City above,  
Clean and white our lives should be,  
So pray we that in the flag we love  
The white may mean purity.

*(The children step back until they form a semi-circle, leaving the color bearer in the centre. Then they lift their right hands in salute, and repeat slowly and distinctly in concert :)*

We salute the flag of our country. We pledge to it our loyalty. We thank God it floats over a land of schools, churches and Sunday-schools. We belong to the great Sunday-school army that has taken for its motto: “Our whole land for Christ.”

---

“*America.*”

*(Sung by the whole school and congregation.)*



## A BOY IN NEW MEXICO.

---

*(Recitation for a boy from ten to fourteen years old.)*



HERE are some very queer children living under our flag. How would you like to go home from your play, by climbing up a ladder on the outside of your house till you came to a hole in the flat roof, and then climb down other ladders on the inside till you came to the particular floor where your home happened to be? That is the way some of the Pueblo Indian boys of New Mexico get into their homes. There are usually many families living in each one of those strange houses of sun-dried brick, which sometimes have neither doors nor windows on the outside. But the inside would seem to us even more strange and dreary than the windowless outer walls. The beds are sheepskins and blankets spread upon the floor. The table is also the floor, upon which the food is spread, and the family gather around it and help themselves as best they may without the aid of knives or forks. Every family has its own mill for grinding corn, though we should scarcely call it a mill, since it is only a stone set in the floor, on which the corn is placed, while a woman kneeling beside it rubs another stone upon it and so grinds the grain into meal.

Did you think that all Indians live in wigwams and have no wardrobe but a blanket and feathers? The Pueblo boy would laugh at

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

such an idea. His people had built their odd houses in New Mexico long before any white man laid stone or timber here. His ancestors were tilling the soil in their rude fashion long before ours set foot upon these shores.

So you see he is an American boy, but he is very unlike one in some things. He knows nothing of schools, except in the few places where mission schools have lately been started. His religion is a sad mixture of old heathen beliefs and some things learned later from the Spaniards—worshiping the sun and the Virgin Mary, praying to God and to Montezuma.

If all our land is to belong to Christ, we must try to help the American children in New Mexico.



## THE BOY IN NORTHERN ALASKA.

*(Recitation for a boy from ten to fourteen years old.)*



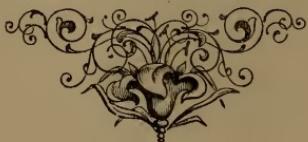
WAY in the far North, where the point of Alaska juts out into the Arctic Ocean, there are some other queer children who belong to our country. They have a school-house, and the American flag floats over it, too. Or rather they hold their school in a building that our government put up as a refuge for ship-wrecked sailors, and a welcome sight the dear old stars and stripes must be to any one wrecked up there among the icebergs. When the little Alaskan Johnny goes to school he doesn't hurry through a breakfast of hot cakes and coffee, have his mother brush his hair, smooth his collar, arrange his necktie, and watch him while he starts off with his strap filled with books. No, indeed, Alaskan Johnny doesn't wait for daylight, for that may be weeks in coming. He swallows his breakfast of blubber and walrus meat, creeps out of the low door of his underground hut, and, dressed in his suit of bear's skin, trudges away over the white snow.

He does not have a vacation at Christmas and the Fourth of July; he does not know anything about these days. But when whales are seen the teacher has to give a vacation, for that throws the whole village into commotion, and all the boys who are old enough to be of use in whale-catching are called away at once. A little later the other boys and girls must follow to drive home dog-teams loaded with meat, whale-bone, and other whale products, from the edge of the ice.

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

There is no use in asking little Johnny of Alaska how old he is when he goes to school. Even the fathers and mothers lose all count of a child's age after he is four or five years old. The smartest inhabitant does not know anything of numbers beyond fourteen or fifteen. And the Alaskan boy does not carry books to school, because he never saw a book until the mission teacher went there. He never saw a written word until then, and when he first learned a few English words he was almost afraid to speak them for fear some "bad spirit" might hurt him for learning "new ways." He believes in bad spirits, in witchcraft, and in many horrible things, but he does not believe in Jesus because he did not know of him until our missionaries went there.

Yet Alaska is a part of our great country, and our Alaskan boy will be an American citizen. Don't you think we would better send money to help him to learn, and to become a Christian?



## CHILDREN'S DAY ON THE PRAIRIE.

---

ITTLE Nan sat looking with wistful eyes,  
Far over the billowy green  
To a point where the earth seemed to meet the skies,  
And a little dark spot was seen—  
Not dark to her ; to her childish sight  
No place on earth was so dear and bright  
As that little sod church on the prairie.

It had no organ so solemn and grand,  
No windows stained with colors rare ;  
Its pulpit was but a rude little stand ;  
Its pews were only benches bare.  
“ But we have the Bible, God’s own Word,”  
Said Nan ; “ and we love Jesus the Lord,  
In our little sod church on the prairie.”

Only just a sod house, humble and small ;  
But well Nan knew what it had cost  
Of labor and sacrifice, shared by all,  
Ere walls were laid and rough beams crossed ;  
And her own brown hands had not been slow  
To help, in such ways as children know,  
That beloved sod church on the prairie.

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

But now 'twas June, and in cities afar,  
She had read in her thoughtful way,  
Of one fair Sunday that shone like a star  
From out the rest—the Children's Day.

“ It has flow'rs and songs, and folks all tell  
Nice things that we could understand well  
Even in our sod church on the prairie.

“ ‘Course there’s only Jimmy, and Jane, and Rix,  
The little Smith girls down the Run,  
And just me up here—that only makes six ;  
But we’re all children every one,  
So we ought to have a Children’s Day,’  
Mused little Nan in her sober way,  
“ In our little sod church on the prairie.”

The plan slowly grew in her busy brain  
'Till Janie, Rix and all were told ;  
And when the bright Sunday rolled round again  
The church was brilliant to behold  
With blossoms white and crimson and gold,  
In pitchers, jugs—whatever would hold  
The sweet wild flowers plucked from the prairie.

Said Nannie, telling the story that night  
With brown eyes on her mother’s face,  
“ We kept still and waited with all our might  
Till all the big folks left the place.

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Then we marched real solemn, all we six—  
Jim, Jane, the Smith girls, and me and Rix—  
To our church's platform on the prairie.

“ Jim said, ‘ Now I lay me —’twas all he knew.  
I sang ‘ Jewels ’ well as I could,  
The Smiths said, ‘ Suffer the children,’ clear through,  
And Rix told us we must be good.  
Poor Jane didn’t know one thing to say,  
So she took up the c’lection this day  
In our little sod church on the prairie.

“ ’Twas just three cents, but we gave it to God ;  
And, mamma, don’t you think he cares,  
Though ’tis but a little church built of sod,  
And only children saying prayers ?  
Maybe sometime children far away  
Will send some pictures and books and say :  
‘ We’ll help them have a *real* Children’s Day  
In that little sod church on the prairie.’ ”



## THE BOOTBLACK'S STORY.

---

(Recitation for a girl from twelve to fifteen years old.)

“ **B**USINESS was sorter dull that time o’ day, an’ we’d pushed our boxes an’ brushes into a corner, an’ was sittin’ down by a wall, talkin’. Humpy Jim—a little new feller with a crooked back—had jest come into our ter’tory, an’ we didn’t want no new boys. Trade wasn’t none too brisk for the old ones. ‘Twas his bein’ little an’ crooked that was the trouble. If he’d been a big stout chap, we’d a licked him off our ground, quick, an’ had no more bother about it. But a young one like Humpy—well, seein’ we couldn’t lick him we was a plannin’ a trick to git rid of him. ‘Most makes me laugh now to think of it!

“ Right while we was a talkin’ a man come along, an’ wanted to know if we’d let him take a picture of us.

“ ‘Yes, sir,’ says Tony, ‘my uncle, the yearl, has jus’ been a pinin’ fu’ a picter o’ me. I’ve been calc’latin’ to go up to a stujo an’ have it took, but seein’ you’re here, you may have the job.’

“ ‘My grandmother said she’d give her dimun necklace for my portrait, to hang in her boodror,’ says Nick.

“ So there we stood, Tony with his finger up to his mouth like a girl in the show, an’ Nick with his paws spread out, ’cause he said his

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grandmother jest doted on his 'ristyocratic hands ; 'twas only fun, an' we laughed when 'twas done an' he showed it to us.

" 'Do I look like that?' I asked him.

" 'The sun doesn't tell lies, my boy,' says he, 'an' the sun took that picture.'

" Well, I could see there was Tony an' Nick to a dot, so I b'lieved him. Then he opened a box and took out another picture all finished and smooth.

" 'Here's three more boys I took the other day,' says he.

" They didn't look like us—not much ! They was clean an' had good clo'es—the sorter fellers that has nice homes, an' mothers, an' such things. Likely if we'd a' seen 'em goin' along with their school books, we'd 'a called 'em 'dudes,' but seein' 'em that way, their picture 'long side of ours, someway—the wind sounded awful lonesome, an' we was ragged an' good-for-nothin', with nobody to care for us. Then the man says all of a sudden :

" 'That's only the outside, boys ; mebby their hearts don't look any better than yours. You can't help the outside, very much, but there's pictures bein' taken all the time by One higher up than the sun, an' they show just what the boy is inside—whether he's clean an' kind, an' tryin' to do right. There won't be any mistakes in them pictures ; an' they're the ones to care about, for you'll be sure to meet 'em some day.'

" With that he picked up his traps an' walked off, an' we went back to our corner. But we couldn't git to talkin' like we was before, and when we struck onto Humpy Jim ag'in, says Nick :

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" 'Let's 'dopt the little beggar, 'cause he can't earn his livin' noways.'

" So we did, yes, *sir!* an' we've got a home now. Not partic'lar grand—it's a bit of an attic in Meg Flannery's house, but it's a jolly place to git back to nights, when Jim's skurried round an' got a fire burnin'. He gits supper when we carries it home—oh I tell ye he's handy! He can read like a preacher, an' sing—ye oughter hear him! Them songs he's learned at mission school makes me think about what the picture man said. Mebby our hearts is gettin' cleaner an' kinder. Jim says so; but then little Jim thinks a mighty lot of us. Anyways, we're goin' with him to that school he's always talkin' about, jest as soon as we can get our clo'es fixed up. He says Children's Day is a partic'lar nice time at the school, an' we're goin' to be there Children's Day."



## COMING HOME TO-DAY.

---

(*Selected.*)



H ! what do you think the angels say ?"  
Said the children up in heaven ;  
" There's a dear little girl coming home to-day,  
She's almost ready to fly away  
From the earth we used to live in ;  
Let's go and open the gates of pearl :  
Open them wide for the new little girl,"  
Said the children up in heaven.

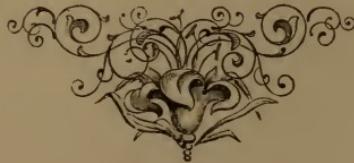
" God wanted her here, where his little ones meet ,"  
Said the children up in heaven ;  
" She shall play with us in the golden street !  
She had grown too fair, she had grown too sweet,  
For the earth we used to live in ;  
. She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,  
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl ,"  
Said the children up in heaven.

" So the King called down from the angels' dome ,"  
Said the children up in heaven ,  
" My little darling, arise and come  
To the place prepared in thy Father's home ,  
To the home that my children live in ;'  
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl ,  
Ready to welcome the new little girl ,"  
Said the children up in heaven .

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

“ Far down on the earth, do you hear them weep ? ”  
Said the children up in heaven ;  
“ For the dear little girl has gone to sleep !  
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep  
O'er the earth we used to live in ;  
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl !  
Oh ! why do they weep for their dear little girl ? ”  
Said the children up in heaven.

“ Fly with her quick, oh ! angels dear,”  
Said the children up in heaven.  
“ See—she is coming ! Look there ! Look there !  
At the jasper light on her sunny hair,  
Where the veiling clouds are riven !  
Ah—hush—hush—hush—all the swift wings furl !  
For the King himself at the gates of pearl  
Is taking her hand, dear, tired little girl,  
And leading her into heaven.”



## FEEDING THE BIRDS AT CAPRI.

---

(*There is a custom in some distant lands of giving the birds a feast-day by preparing little trees on which are fastened grain and berries.*)

“ O-MORROW morn will be bright and fair,”

Said little Berta, with shining eyes.

“There is not a dark cloud anywhere

All over our sunny Capri skies,

And the clear blue waters of the bay

But laugh and sing on the rocks to-day.

“ To-morrow morn will be fair and bright,

And all we children will early go .

To feed the birds who pause in their flight.

They think these are wondrous trees to grow,

Bearing just the things a bird loves best,

With little low branches for their rest !

“ Marco, he says times are hard this year,

And that we island people are poor,

*RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES.*

From our scant store we've little to spare,  
And should not feed the birds any more.  
But how can the birds know things like these ?  
They think God sends their wonderful trees.

“ I'm sure the little to them we give  
Will take no good from our coming days.  
'Twill not make harder the life we live,  
To send them away with songs of praise.  
Hard times the brighter seem, I am sure,  
When we help the dear God feed his poor.”

O brave, sweet Berta, with trustful eyes !  
Thou hast learned a truth worth more than gold.  
Only those who share their store are wise ;  
The gain is not to those who withhold.  
Ever it brightens our own dark days  
To fill another's with songs of praise.

## ASLEEP.

---

*(Recitation for the youngest child who can be taught to repeat it.)*



SOMETIMES, on Sunday in the church,  
When the day is long and warm,  
A small head drops in mamma's lap ;  
Do you think it is much harm ?

I'm sure God knows up in heaven,  
All who do his Sabbaths keep,  
And he will count all the children,  
Even though they go to sleep.

For little heads get very tired,  
And the sleepy lids will fall,  
But we love Jesus just the same,  
And dear Jesus knows it all.



## A SERMON BY TWO LITTLE BOYS.

---

(*For the smallest children who can recite well.*)

 LIKE Children's Day because it's *children's* day ; most Sundays seem like big folks' days.

*Second*—'Cause they talk to us and preach such long preaches ; now we have a chance to talk to them.

*First*—Yes ; and I want to preach a sermon myself. It's a sermon to teachers. Mamma found me the text in a book with a very hard name. Hab-ak-kuk. But it's a nice short text ; it says, " Make it plain."

*Second*—Oh ! I know something to preach about that, too. May I preach the firstly part ?

*First*—Yes, if you want to. It's going to be a nice short sermon with only two parts to it.

*Second*—Well ; Firstly part is, when you talk to children, make it plain. One day a teacher told about Lot's wife. One little girl didn't know what a pillar was. She thought it was a pillow. So she went home and told her mamma that a woman was turned into a bag of salt.

*First*—Secondly part is, when you talk to children, don't put little folks' lessons so high up that we can't reach 'em, 'cause it's our Jesus, and our heaven and our Bible, too. *Make it plain.*

*Rearranged from "Children's Hour."*

## A CHILD IN THE STORM.

---



THE fierce waves dashed against our bark,  
The day was stormy, cold and dark,  
No sign of land was nigh.  
Through blinding veil of rain and spray  
We vainly peered. We seemed the prey  
Of angry sea and sky.

A child's voice, tremulous with fear,  
Rang through the gloom: "O father, dear,  
We're sailing into night!"

"My child," he said, "beyond the storm  
Our own home 'waits us, bright and warm;  
We're sailing towards its light."

Yet still the young voice held dismay.  
"Father, we cannot see the way!  
The storm grows only worse."  
"My child, we do not need to know,"  
The father answered calm and low,  
"The pilot guides our course."

So, when life's storms around me beat,  
And all seems darkness and defeat,  
Home lies beyond, I feel.  
I may not see the way I go,  
But still the Father whispers low:  
"My child, you do not need to know;  
The Pilot holds the wheel."

## HOW DELPHY HELPED.

---

*(Story to be read by one of the older pupils.)*

HE children came trooping out of an up-town church one Sunday afternoon, each bearing an odd little box, shaped like a pyramid—a pretty box of cream-colored paper with pink lettering.

“Such an array of pyramids!” said a merry boy, poised his upon his hand, and beginning to quote from Napoleon’s speech,  
“‘‘ Soldiers! forty centuries are looking down upon you——’’

“Drop that eloquence!” interposed a companion.

“Drop the ‘turies’ outside the box and the ‘forty cents’ inside,” amended a laughing girl.

Delphy, walking a little apart, listened to them wonderingly. These children, whose lives and ways were so unlike her own, were always something of a wonder to her, but to-day, as she turned from the street along which they passed and took her own solitary way down towards the great mill by the river, she wondered that they could feel like laughing.

“But maybe it’s ‘cause they have money to put in the box,” she mused. That would surely make a difference. To know how many schools were needed, how many children had never heard the story she loved so well, and then to think she could not help them, pressed sorely on Delphy’s heart.

“Only six weeks to Children’s Day. I don’t know why I took the box when I hardly ever have a penny, and Aunt Betty can’t help me a bit,” she thought; “but it most seemed as if I *must* do something.”

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She slowly spelled out the words on the box. Some of them, indeed, were quite beyond her knowledge, but she understood the flag, and "America for Christ." One would have thought to look at her—a little girl whose best dress was undeniably poor and faded, and whose hat was a coarse straw, three seasons old—that she must have had many needs of her own ; but she was not thinking of them as she went to her home in the long building known as the "mill row." It was many homes all crowded in together. There were families down stairs and up-stairs and across the hall. There were children in every doorway and at every window, but Delphy, when she had put away her hat, and stood looking from the upper window of Aunt Betty's room saw none of them. Usually she was quick to wave her hand to Mrs. Burk's baby, and to drop a cheery word to little lame Ned, but to-day she scarcely heard when they called her name.

"Delphy!"

Delphine was really her name—a high-sounding one for such a plain little body, but the poor mill people, who had little else fine in their lives, were fond of fine names even though they soon grew sadly warped and changed by daily wear and tear. "Delphy" was all that the neighbors knew of this one, and neighbors were plenty in the row and knew nearly everything about each other.

"Delphy! Delphy!"

The voices grew so clamorous that they attracted her notice. She made a movement towards laying away the box before she went down, then, on second thought, carried it with her. "If each of the children —them that's old enough to get one sometimes—would only put in a penny, what a lot it would make," she whispered. "But then most of 'em don't care about Sunday-school their own selves."

It was not her fault that they did not, for week by week she brought home the wonderful stories she had heard, and sang over again the songs she had learned. These last were favorites, but most of the

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children were content to take them at second-hand. It was these they called for now, and though they listened to her story of the box, they refused to be deeply interested and were inclined to take Tommy Bang's view of the matter.

"Course them young ones'd like to have such things give to 'em. So'd we like to have lots of things give to us, but nobody don't give 'em," said Tommy.

Some of the older ones examined her box and heard her account of it with much the same feeling.

"Sure it's a fine thing for them as can do it," remarked Mrs. Burk.

There was no one to offer a word of encouragement, not even Aunt Betty, so it was with a sore, disappointed heart that Delphy sought her pillow that night. But she whispered in her prayer :

"I do so want to help some. Please, dear Lord Jesus, don't let my box be all empty when Children's Day comes."

Monday brought plenty of work for Delphy. Her days were usually busy ones, for Aunt Betty worked in the great mill from early morning until night, and whatever was done about the house must be done by the ten-year-old girl. The Row, which was such a swarming hive on Sunday, seemed almost deserted on Monday, for all the men, the older boys and girls, and most of the women, were in the mill. The few who remained at home were busied with huge washings for themselves and their neighbors, and a troop of children fell to Delphy's care. Bird-songs might be all that fell on drowsy ears in more favored parts of the town, but the morning calls that sounded through the Row were different. "Do as Delphy bids ye." "Be a good girl, an' stay with Delphy now." "Delphy, ye won't let Johnny play in the water? He kep' us all awake cryin' with the tooth-ache las' night." They had great confidence in both her ability and faithfulness.

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As the day grew warm, and the air indoors steamy with suds, Delphy led her little flock out to an old balcony that ran along a part of the building under Aunt Betty's back windows. This was a favorite resort from which the children had been barred through the winter, and they raced up and down in high glee. Then Delphy called them to a far corner where they could look down upon the river, told them stories, sang over the Sunday-school songs, and brought out again her precious box.

"What's that noise like something broke?" interrupted Johnny, as his quick ears caught an unusual sound. "There 'tis again!"

It was so loud the second time that none of them could fail to hear it, and it seemed to shake the floor on which they stood.

"Mebby it's something at the mill," said Delphy, peering anxiously around the corner in that direction.

Johnny scampered away to investigate from another point of view, but in a moment called back in sharp alarm :

"Oh, it's here! Delphy—the porch! look!"

Delphy needed but one glance, and her face grew white. She felt the floor sway under Johnny's step, and recalled, as in a flash, Aunt Betty's prediction that "that ramshackle old porch'll tumble down some day." Already one end had parted from the house and was sagging fearfully. The children screamed, but Delphy silenced them.

"Hush! Hush, all of ye! Nobody can't get here to help us but ourselves. Stand still there, Johnny, and don't stir for your life," she commanded, trained in the school of her hard childhood to self-control and to taking thought for others. "We must get back into the window someway. I'll help ye."

A dangerous way it was, for the platform had already dropped a foot away from the building, and swayed with every movement upon it; cautiously Delphy crept across it until she was near the open window.

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"Now, Johnny, move up softly. Here, take my hand. Can ye reach the window? Stop there on the sill till I hand ye the baby. Now, Ar'bella—quick, don't be scared. Tom next—careful! Now, Jimmy——"

Swiftly but cautiously, one by one—for the frail structure trembled and leaned farther away from the building every instant—the children passed safely in. Ah, no, not all! Just as Delphy's fingers had touched the window ledge, the balcony went down with a crash, and she was carried with it.

Late that evening, when the bruised and battered little form lay motionless on its bed, and the kindly, tearful women were passing in and out of Aunt Betty's room, Mrs. Burk espied on the table the little box which had been found tightly clasped in Delphy's hand.

"There it is, the box she was talkin' so much about, the child! Sure I'll put a bit into it now, if 'tis only for her savin' me baby," sobbed the warm-hearted woman, slipping a dime into the box, and a dime meant a good deal to poor Mrs. Burk. "She said 'twas to make more schools, an' 'twas goin' to the school made her like what she was—all the saints bless her!"

"Yes, an' I'll put in a bit for Johnny. We'll send it up to the school if so be——"

But the quavering voice could not finish the sentence, and Johnny's mother only drew his little freckled face close against her breast and kissed him.

The head on the pillow turned slowly and the gray eyes half opened for a moment. It was the first sign of returning consciousness, or they hailed it as such, and more than the two coins rattled into the box in token of gratitude and in the hope that she might hear it and be pleased.

So the fashion was started, and soon it seemed that every child in the row was anxious to "earn a penny for Delphy's box." Slowly

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the little girl came back to life again, and with the wonderful recuperative power of children regained her strength, her pale face smiling happily as day after day the box grew fuller.

She was not yet quite well enough to take her place in the school on Children's Day, but Tommy Bangs and Johnny went, and the soiled and battered box they carried was given the place of honor. For its story had reached the school weeks before, and many another box had been filled because of that one. But when the superintendent counted its contents slowly, as if every coin were gold, he said :

“Four dollars ! That is what we count it here, but we have no words to tell how it is valued up in heaven.”



## THE DIFFERENCE.

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*(For a little child from the primary class.)*

OMETIMES big people shake their heads  
When little children come  
Into God's house: "Such babies all  
Are better off at home,"  
That's what they say.

Our dear Lord blessed the children  
And took them on his knee :  
" Forbid them not, the little ones,  
But let them come to me."  
That's what Jesus said.



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SING, HAPPY BIRD.

(*Recitation by a little girl. The "Trill" can be given very successfully on one of the "bird whistles" common among children, by some one concealed from the audience.*)



ING, happy bird, sing,  
For beautiful spring,  
For sunshine and flowers,  
And all our glad hours,  
O sing, little bird !

(*Trill.*)

The bright summer days  
Seem speaking his praise  
Who gives you your food.  
Our God is so good !  
O sing, little bird !

(*Trill.*)

Our beautiful earth  
Knew the Christ-child's birth,  
So glad children tell.  
Help our praise to swell :  
Sing, happy bird, sing !

(*Trill.*)

God keepeth us all—  
Nor sparrow can fall,  
Nor little child pray,  
But he knoweth alway.

O sing, happy bird !

(*Trill.*)

## THE OFFERING BOX.

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*(To be recited by a little girl, just before the collection with which Children's Day services usually close. Collection boxes should be passed by children.)*



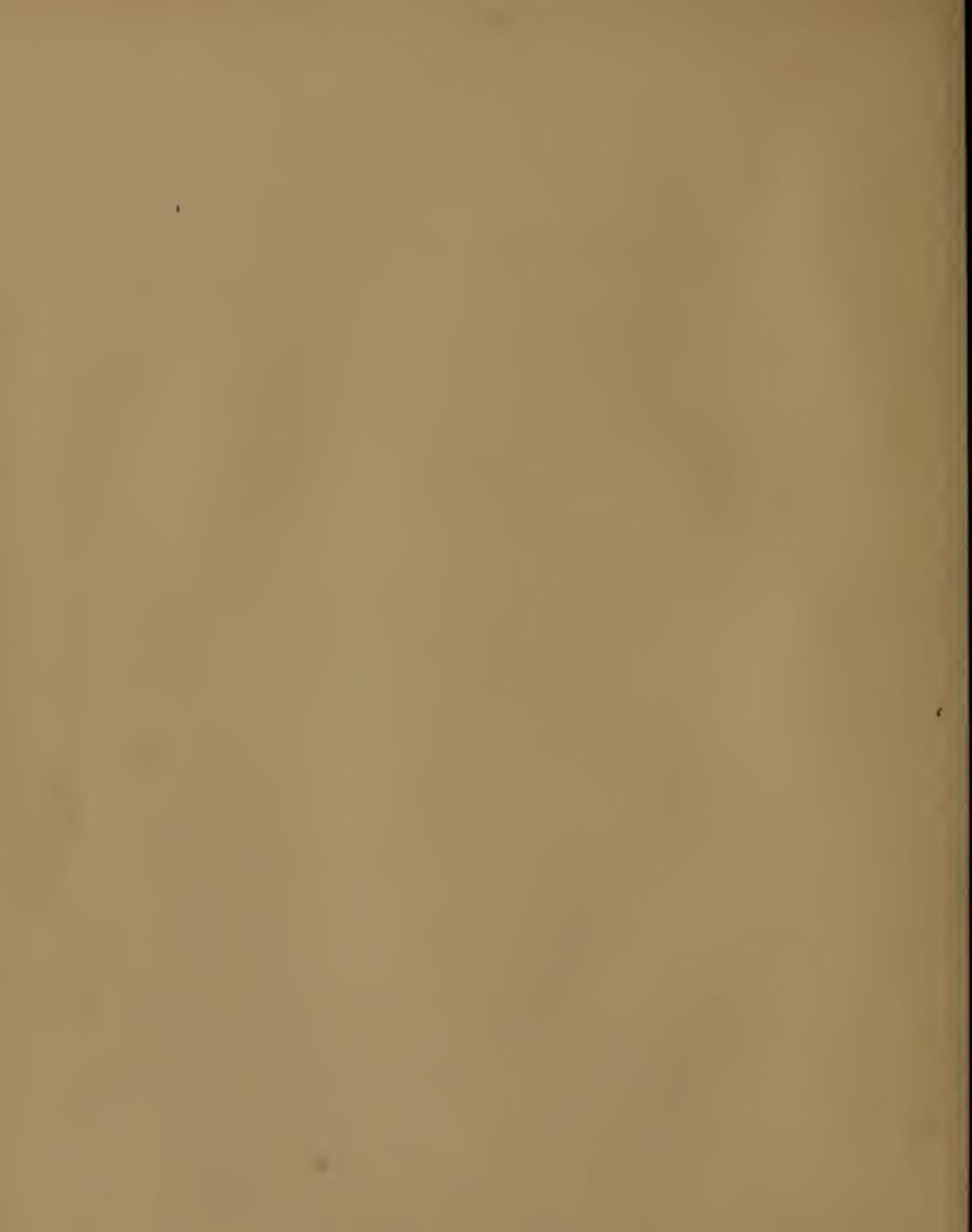
OUR service isn't over yet,  
There's something *still* to tell.  
It ought to interest us all  
If we can tell it *well*.

It's something you have often heard—  
Nothing so very new ;  
It's what the earth says to the sun,  
The flowers say to the dew.

It's something we shall always hear,  
While on this earth we live ;  
It comes to us from everywhere—  
The little, short word—"Give!"

Think of the little, needy hands—  
Hands brown and black and white—  
That reach out to us everywhere  
And ask us for God's light.

God gives so very much to us,  
Don't you want to thank him ?  
Then when we pass the offering box  
Just fill it to the brim.





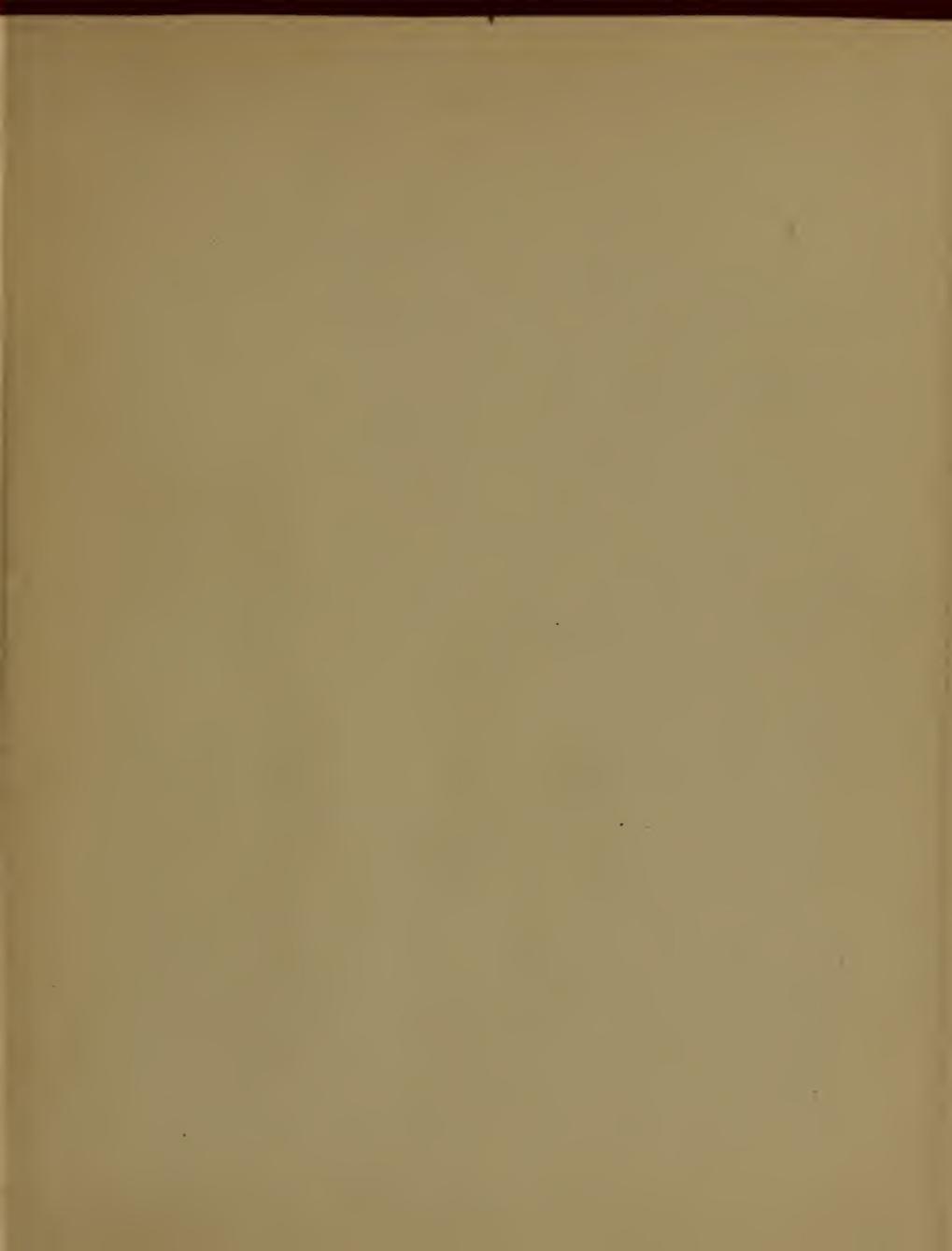
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